A CONTINUATION of the

DIALOGUE

Between Two

Young Ladies

Lately Married.

Concerning the

MANAGEMENT

OF

Husbands.

PART the Second.

Wherein is a most Passionate

LETTER,

Full of Wit and Affection,

WRIT BY

ELOISA, (a Young *French* Lady,) to her Husband, *ABELARD*, who was Emasculated by the Malice of her Uncle.

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A CONTINUATION of the DIALOGUE BETWEEN Two Young Ladies, lately Marry'd, CONCERNING *The Management of Husbands, &c.*

PART II.

Amy. MY dear *Lucy*, I'm extream glad to ſee you.

Lucy. I'm pleas'd to hear you ſay ſo, ſince your Friendſhip is ſo much my Intereſt: I wiſh I cou'd make you as valuable Returns, that your Goodneſs might not be altogether the Motive of the Favours you have ſhewn me.

Amy. You're miſtaken, *Lucy*: Friendſhip ought not to be mercenary; the bare Reflection of Endeavouring to ſerve my

Friend, brings a ſufficient Reward along with it. But how go Affairs betwixt you and your Husband, ſince I laſt ſaw you?

Lucy. Indifferently. We have had no great Storm ſince.

Amy. The laſt time I gave you what Advice occurr'd to me, and ſuch as, with good Succeſs, I us'd my ſelf, in order to make Marriage a very happy Eſtate. But ſince I ſaw you, I have accidentally light upon a Letter, written Originally in Latin by one of our Sex, to her unkind Lover; as the Subject was very uncommon, ſo was the Paſſion, and ſo was the Wit of our *Eloiſa*, (for that was her Name.) It appears to me to be the moſt perfect and accompliſh'd Pattern of Tenderneſs, and Cunning, that ever I ſaw written by any of our Sex. Whoever reads her Letter, may find therein that variety of Argument to perſwade, and ſo large a Field of Subjects, that a Common-place Book might be made out of it, to ſerve upon all Occaſions; and ſo far as I am able to apprehend, whoever ſays any thing after her upon this Subject, muſt either borrow of her, or perform infinitely ſhort of what ſhe has done.

Lucy. Have you got it about you?

Amy. Yes——'Twas, as I told you before, written Originally in *Latin*, but I light upon it tranſlated into *French*, of which I have now again made a ſecond tranſlation for your uſe. But before we read the Letter, 'tis neceſſary I give you a brief Hiſtory of this *Eloiſa* and *Abelard*, (the Names of our married Lovers,) in order to underſtand ſeveral Paſſages in the following Letter.

Lucy. Ay, Pray let's have it by all means.

Amy. "*Eloiſa* was the Daughter of a "noble Family, aged about Sixteen "Years, of a quick and ſparkling Wit, "and of a Beauty able to touch the moſt "Inſenſible. Her Parents dying in her "Childhood, her Uncle *Fulbert*, who "was a Canon of a Church in *Paris*, "took her into his Care, and reſolved "to give her an Education ſuitable to her "natural Abilities; and as he lov'd her "much, ſo he employed all imaginable "Means to accompliſh his Deſign, and "could hardly ſpeak of any thing elſe "but the Wit and Beauty of his Niece; "ſuch rare Qualities made all Perſons in "Love with her. Amongſt the reſt, *A-*"*belard*, a great Philoſopher, was one of "thoſe

" those that felt the Power of her Charms, " a Person famous for Learning and Gal" lantry: He had a surprising Cleanness " of Wit, a Firmness of Mind in Misfor" tunes. In a word, That which makes " up the best and most excellent Part of " Merit in Great Men, makes up the " True Character of *Abelard*.

Lucy. Happy *Eloisa*! Surely, if she did not prove Kind and True to such a Husband, she was certainly the worst of Women.

Amy. Hold, *Lucy*, be not too hasty; you'll change your Mind before you hear the Story out. But I'll go on.

" Our *Abelard* could not, with all his " Philosophy, reason himself out of the " Fetters of Love; therefore made all the " Interest he could to gain Acquaintance " with her Uncle, and not without suc" cess; for after a little Converse, he " thought no Person more Disinterested, " nor better Qualified than *Abelard*, to " read Philosophy to his Niece: He de" sired *Abelard* to abide with him, gave " him *Eloisa* for his Scholar, and, as if " he had conspired with *Abelard*'s Design, " entrusted him with the absolute Com-

" mand

" mand of his Niece. Thus the Tender-
" neſs he had for his Niece, and the Re-
" putation of *Abelard*, wholly deceiv'd
" him. *Abelard*, who gladly undertook
" this Charge, fail'd not to make good
" uſe of the Liberty he had to be with
" *Eloiſa*; almoſt every moment he diſ-
" cover'd his Paſſion for her, and mana-
" ged it ſo well, that in a little time ſhe
" liſtens with Pleaſure, and at laſt began
" to love him ſo tenderly, that ſhe could
" refuſe him nothing.

" It was not long before this amorous
" Converſe betwixt Maſter and Scholar
" was obſerved: His continual Atten-
" dance, and the tender Methods of Ma-
" naging her, ſoon convinced thoſe about
" 'em, that Philoſophy was not the only
" ſubject of their Converſation. In fine,
" our Lovers were not ſo cloſe and pru-
" dent in the Management of their A-
" mour, but the Uncle began to ſuſpect
" ſomething, and reſolved to ſeparate
" them, and prevent the ill Conſequen-
" ces of ſuch Familiarity. But 'twas too
" late. For our Lovers being fully re-
" ſolved that nothing ſhould divert their
" mutual Paſſion, they became as jealous
" of the Uncle as he was of them; and
" *Abelard* improving his Opportunity,

" did

" did easily prevail with *Eloisa* to believe
" that the Form of Matrimony was no-
" thing but a Ceremony, and that it was
" absolutely necessary for them to con-
" summate the same betwixt themselves
" upon solemn Promise, as being the on-
" ly Means left them to prevent the cruel
" Separation which the Uncle designed.
" And thus, *Lucy*, poor *Eloisa* was over-
" come before Marriage: And afterwards
" perceiving some strange Alterations in
" her self, she acquainted *Abelard* with it,
" who, to save her Honour, carried her
" off by Night to *Paris*, in order to be
" Married privately, in the common
" Form; tho' at the same time her Affe-
" ction to *Abelard* was so great, that she
" did voluntarily offer to sacrifice her Ho-
" nour, so she might be but assur'd of his
" Love, rather than deprive the Church
" of so great a Prelate by the Ceremony
" of Marriage.

" The Stealth of *Eloisa* was an ex-
" tream Affliction to her Uncle, who
" lov'd her so entirely, that he could not
" live without her; and besides he was
" so sensible of the Affront that *Abelard*
" had put upon him, that he swore he
" would be Reveng'd. *Abelard* in a short
" time goes back to *Fulbert*, and endea-
" voured

" voured by all means to appeale him,
" and entreated his Pardon with the ut-
" moſt Submiſſions. Whereupon the old
" Gentleman did craftily feign a Recon-
" ciliation, that he might have the better
" Opportunity to execute his Revenge;
" which he effected, by corrupting one
" of *Abelard*'s Servants, to let into his
" Chamber ſome Villains, who, whilſt
" he was aſleep, ſet upon him, and with
" a Razour, at one ſtroak, unman'd him.
" The Aſſaſſinators were afterwards pu-
" niſhed by courſe of Juſtice.

" After this great Misfortune, our
" Philoſopher retired amongſt the Monks,
" and entered *Eloiſa* into a Nunnery.

" The Monks in a very little time
" forc'd *Abelard* to fly and retire to a De-
" ſart, where he erected a Chapel, which
" he afterwards turn'd into a Monaſtery,
" made his *Eloiſa* Lady Abbeſs, and then
" retir'd into a remote corner at a great
" diſtance.

" During this Separation, a Letter
" that *Abelard* had writ to one of his
" Friends near the Nunnery, in which
" he made a long Narrative of all his
" Perſecutions, fell accidentally into the
" Hands of our new Abbeſs, who open'd
" it, and having found therein a thou-

" ſand things which nearly concerned
" her ſelf, ſhe took occaſion to write the
" following Letter, complaining of the
" Severity of being left to ſo many diſ-
" quieting Thoughts, which ſo long a
" Silence might occaſion.

Lucy. This is a very ſtrange Account, and makes a greater Impreſſion upon me, ſince the poor Lady had the ſame Misfortune as I had, of being overcome before Marriage: But methinks I ſhou'd (had I been in her caſe) have begg'd my Husband's Pardon for going into a Nunnery, or plaguing my ſelf much about him, after that unlucky Misfortune. Let her pretend as ſhe pleaſes: I can't think it poſſible for a Woman to love an Eunuch-Husband. For my part, I know what I think of it.

Amy. But, my Friend *Lucy*, that's not ſo much the Buſineſs. Is not here a very ſad Misfortune, for a couple of tender Perſons? Had they been both bury'd alive, there could not have been a greater Task for the Paſſions. The poor Lady is Cloiſter'd, depriv'd of all her Friends, ſhut up from the World, and yet accompany'd with all the vehement and unruly Paſſions of an amorous Lover, and the

Cares

Cares of a tender Wife. What an exquiſite Torture muſt it be to her, to loſe her Lover in the midſt of all her Beauty and Charms! to reflect upon the Scandal, and Perſecutions of one ſhe lov'd better than her Life! and what ſtill adds to the Weight of all their Miſery, her good Education gave her ſuch a Taſte of all the Accidents of Life, as was much more delicate and ſenſible than otherwiſe it would have been! Perhaps you'll ask what great Hopes ſhe could have in *Abelard*'s Return to her. Tho' ſhe had loſt the Lover, ſhe lov'd the Friend: And if ſhe could write after ſuch a ſtrange manner for half a Husband to return and live kindly with her, what wou'd ſhe have done, if ſhe had been to have Reclaim'd an effective Husband, ſuch as yours or mine?

Lucy. I can forbear no longer: Pray let's hear the Letter.

Amy. I'll read it then.

Eloisa to *Abelard*.

'Tis to her Master, her Father, to her Brother, her Husband, that a Servant, a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and, to include in one Word, all that these Names have in 'em of Honour, Respect, Tenderness, and Freedom, 'tis to her *Abelard* that *Eloisa* writes.

SOme time since a Letter fell into my Hands which you had writ to one of your Friends, as I knew the Character, and lov'd the Hand, my Heart keeping Intelligence with my Curiosity forc'd me to open it, flattering my self, that I had a soveraign Right to every thing that comes from you, and did not believe there were any Laws of Decorum *for me to observe, when I was enflam'd with a violent Desire of knowing what was become of you. But, alas! what has my Curiosity cost me? How many Tears has it drawn from me? And how was I surpriz'd to find in your Letter nothing but a sad and long detail of your Misfortunes! I saw my Name in it an Hundred times,*

times, and I never found it but with Fear, there being always some Affliction or other attending it. I also read yours, which was nothing more happy. These lamentable, yet dear Ideas so strongly affected me, that I believ'd you wrote not so much to Comfort a Friend under some light Disgraces, as to describe our Misfortunes and Persecutions. What Reflections did not I then make! I began to think all over anew, and found my self seiz'd with the same Grief as when we began to be first unhappy; and altho' Time had diminish'd those Pains, 'twas enough to see 'em written by your Hand to make me feel them over again. Nothing can ever make me forget what you have suffer'd. I shall always remember the Malice of a Cruel Uncle, an Assassinate, and a Lover ill Treated. I shall never forget how your Wit begat Enemies, and such as were jealous of your Glory. I shall continually represent to my self that high Reputation which you have so justly acquir'd. What Tempests have not the Monks, those Religious Traitors, rais'd against you? This Chain of so many Evils hath drawn Blood from the bottom of my Heart. My Tears, which I cou'd not keep, have effac'd part of your Letter; and I could have almost wish'd to have serv'd it all so, and sent it thus back again to you.

'Tis

'Tis true nevertheleſs, and I confeſs it to you, that before I had read I was much more eaſie; but ſo ſoon as I had perus'd it, my Grief was renew'd. 'Tis too much, I ſay, 'tis too much to ſuffer without complaining, ſince the Rage of our Enemies is ſtill living; ſince Time, which diſarms the moſt mortal Hatred, never diſarms them; ſince your Vertue muſt be perſecuted even till your Coffin ſerves for an Aſylum; *nay, perhaps blind Anger will even diſturb your Aſhes. I hope I ſhall always remember theſe paſt Misfortunes, and fear ſuch as may ſtill come upon you. I ſhall never mention the Name of my dear* Abelard *without Tears in my Eyes. I ſhall never pronounce his Name without a Sigh. See, I pray you, the Condition you have reduc'd me to, Sad, Afflicted, and without any Comfort, if it comes not from you. Refuſe me not then, I conjure you, but give me a faithful Account of all that relates to you, how dolorous ſoever it is. I wou'd be ignorant of nothing. Perhaps, by mingling my Sighs with yours, you will ſuffer the leſs, if what is commonly ſaid be true,* That Afflictions d vided become eaſie.

Lucy. Poor Lady! And all this for an Eunuch. So much Tenderneſs, Wheedling, and Recounting of Misfortunes, *&c.*

to

to call back a disabled Straggler! For my part———

Amy. Why do you interrupt me, *Lucy*, with such Remarks as these? You ought rather to consider, and imitate herein the Art of Perswasion. See what tender Expressions upon all Occasions she does use! what Stories of past Misfortunes does she not repeat! which, perhaps, is a Subject that as much endears the Parties that have shar'd 'em as any thing in the World. Then for her modest Commendations of him, which you call Wheedling, 'tis no unsuccessful Method. None, how prudent and mortify'd soever they be, are able to stand the Battery of a handsome Commendation.

Lucy. I thank you for these Observations. I confess, every Advice or Word that comes from you, my Friend *Amy*, has a Charm in it, and each Argument has a double force. Pray will you read on.

Amy. Presently —— There's another Remark I can't pass over. You see how importunate she was for knowing his Concerns, and bearing her share in his Afflictions. What can be more obliging then this, or a greater Sign of True Friendship? But to proceed ———

Tell

Tell me not for an Excuſe, that you will ſpare our Tears; I deſire no ſuch Pity. Beſides, if to write back to me you wait till you can write upon ſome agreeable Subject, you will ſtay too long. Vertuous Men have but little Happineſs to hope for here. 'Twill indeed be to me a great Pleaſure to open one of your Letters, if 'twas only to be inform'd that you don't forget me. Seneca *(whom you have ſo often read to me) appear'd ſo ſenſible, (as much a Stoick as he was,) when he open'd one of* Lucillas's *Letters, that he imagin'd he taſted all the Pleaſures of Converſation.*

I have obſerv'd in your Abſence, that we do more admire the Pictures of the Perſons we love, when far diſtant from us, than when they were near. It ſeems to me, the more diſtant they are from us, the livelier and likelier to the Truth is their Pictures; at leaſt our Imagination, which continually depaints 'em, makes us find it ſo. I have your Picture, and I never paſs by it without fixing upon it; tho' when you was preſent, I cou'd ſcarce look upon't. If Painting, which is only a dumb Repreſentation of Objects, gives ſo great Pleaſure, what Joys will not Letters inſpire! They are animated, they ſpeak, they carry with them that Spirit which explains the Motions of the Heart, they contain within them the Fire of our Paſ-

ſions,

sions, and render every thing as sensible as if seen; they say every thing that can be spoken of Love and Tenderness when we are together, and even sometimes they speak to greater Advantage. We may write to one another; a Pleasure so innocent is not forbidden us. Let us not lose by our negligence the only Happiness that is left us, and that perhaps which our Persecutors cannot deprive us of. I will tell you, that you are my Husband; you shall see me speak like your Wife; and, in despight of all your Misfortunes, you shall be in a Letter whatever you wou'd be. *'Twas for the Comfort of Persons enclosister'd, as I am, that Letters were first invented. Having lost the effective Pleasures of seeing and enjoying you any more, I shall find 'em again in some manner in your writing to me: I shall there read your most secret Sentiments, and carry 'em continually about me. In fine, if you are capable of any Jealousie, let it be that only of the Caresses I shall give your Letters.*

Amy. Pray, *Lucy*, what think you of this? Suppose you had a Husband under Misfortunes, that estrang'd himself from you, and wou'd not see you, (which, no doubt, is a sad Affliction) What could possibly be invented, or thought of, to make him write or return back to you,

that is not here said? I cou'd read it a Hundred times over, and be proud that one of our Sex cou'd write at this rate.

Lucy. 'Tis indeed an extream passionate and clean Wit; and, I think, worthy an effective Husband.

Amy. The more Remarkable, I think, since 'twas the effect of pure disinterested Friendship.

Lucy. I am not of your Opinion, by any means: I rather think it the Effects of an old Habit; and that the Influence of past warm Embraces was not yet so extinct as not to dictate much of these passionate Expressions. But however pray proceed.

I wou'd not have you to write to me with Application: I had rather hear the Language of your Heart than your Wit. I cou'd not live, if you shou'd not tell me that you lov'd me always: This Language must be so natural to you, that I believe you cannot use any other without doing your self great Violence. Besides, it is but just, that you heal again, with some Marks of Constant Love, the Wounds that you have made in my Soul by that sad Account which you have given your Friend.

'Tis not that I reproach the innocent Artifice you have made use of to Comfort the Afflicted.

by

by comparing his Misery with a greater. Charity is ingenious and commendable in these Pious Circumventions. But are not your Obligations greater to me than to this Friend? What Friendship can there be betwixt you? They call us your Sisters, and we call our selves your Daughters. If there was any thing in the nature of these Expressions that cou'd tye us more strictly to you, we might make use of it to express this Act of Devoting our selves under your Conduct, and of your Obligations to us again.

When a deep Silence shall cover our just Acknowledgments, this Church, these Altars, and these Places, shall speak enough; but indeed, 'tis neither these Stones, nor these Marbles, but your Self that speaks; (and I shall always mention it with pleasure) 'tis You, that are the only Founder of this House.

The Augustines, *the* Tertullians, *and the* Jeromes, *have written to their* Eudona's, *their* Paula's, *their* Melania's: *And when you read these Names, How can you forget mine? Will it be a Crime for you to cultivate my Mind like a* Jerome? *To preach to me like a* Tertullian? *And to speak to me with the Grace of St.* Auguſtine? *Your Sciences and Knowledge ought not to be barren and fruitless in respect of me. In writing to me, you will write to a Wife: A* Sacrament *hath render'd*

this Commerce legitimate: And since you can satisfie me, without committing the least Scandal, why will you not do it? I have an Uncle a Barbarian, whose Inhumanity serves only to make you dearer to me. You have no Reason now to fear me, Why do you fly me? Hear my Sighs; 'tis enough if you will be only a Witness of 'em.

You remember, doubtless, (For what can't those remember who have lov'd?) with what Pleasure I travell'd to hear you; after what manner, when we were not together, I stole from all the World to write to you; what Inquietudes did one Billet cost me, even till it came to your Hands, because of the Management and dangerous Trust I repos'd in the Deliverer. I know well this Account surprizes you, and you are afraid to hear the rest: But I blush no more about it, since my Tenderness for you has no Bounds. I have done more than all this: I'm Hated for Loving you; and I am come here to lose my self, to make you live without Disquiet. There's nothing but Vertue, joyn'd with a Love that is disengag'd from the Commerce of the Senses, which can produce such Effects. When we love Pleasures, we love the Living, and not the Dead. We cease to burn for those who are not in a Condition to burn for us again. My Cruel Uncle thought thus: He thought me like other Women, and

that

that I lov'd your Sex more than your Perſon. But his Aim had not that effect. I love you more than ever, and revenge my ſelf upon him by heaping all my Tenderneſs upon you. If heretofore the Affection I had for you was not ſo pure as it is at preſent, if formerly both my Mind and Body partak'd of the Pleaſure of Loving you, yet I told you a Thouſand times, that I had always more content in poſſeſſing your Heart, than in enjoying all the Felicity of our Sex; and of all that you had, it was not the Man *that pleas'd me moſt.*

Lucy. Perhaps ſo.

Amy. Why, *Lucy*, it was or ought to be ſo. 'Tis not long ſince you complain'd that ſuch Enjoyments were grown inſipid and dull.

Lucy. That's right, becauſe I want 'em not. But were I in *Eloiſa*'s caſe, perhaps I ſhould think otherwiſe again. But proceed, if you pleaſe.

You ought to be perſwaded of this by the extream Reluctance I had againſt Marriage, although I well knew that this Name was Honourable amongſt Men, and Holy in Religion, yet I ceas'd to find thoſe Charms there, in thinking that I ceas'd to be free. The Chains of Marriage, how honourable ſoever they may be,

be, carry along with them ſuch neceſſary Obligations, as raviſh the Glory of being Lov'd. I was willing to have ſhunn'd the Neceſſity of Loving a Man, who, poſſibly, might not love me always. I hated the Name of Wife, to live happily with that of your Miſtreſs. The Tenderneſs of a Maid which you lov'd with ſo much Paſſion, yet leſs than ſhe wiſh'd for, are not altogether forgotten by you, ſince you entertain'd your Friend with them in that Letter which I ſurpriz'd. You ſay very well in this, that I found nothing but what was inſipid in all the publick Engagements which tye thoſe Knots that only Death cou'd break, and which make a ſad Neceſſity of Life and Love: But you add not, that I proteſted to you, an Hundred times, that it was infinitely more agreeable to me, to live with Abelard *as his Miſtreſs, than to be an Empreſs with* Auguſtus; *and that it wou'd be more Happineſs for me to Obey you, than to Captivate lawfully the Maſter of the Univerſe. Riches and Grandeurs are not the Charms of Love. True Tenderneſs diſtinguiſhes the Lover from every thing elſe, takes no notice of his Fortune, his Rank, and Employments. This wou'd be to ſeek ſuch a Marriage, as wou'd rather ſatisfie the Ambition than the Heart: But I believe ſuch Perſons can never taſte that ſweet Union, nor feel the ſecret and charming Emotions of*

Two Hearts, which for a long time have endeavoured to be united. Thoſe who marry for other Conſiderations, do continually ſigh after better Fortune, which they believe have eſcap'd 'em. The Wife ſees Husbands Richer than hers, and the Husband ſees Wives Richer than his: Intereſted Vows beget Regrets, and Regrets, Diſcord; and Diſcord, Separation, or at leaſt, Hatred. Unquiet and immoderate Deſire is the Revenger of a Love which is offended by a ſeeking after any Happineſs by Love, than what is in Love it ſelf. If there's any Shadow of Felicity here below, I'm perſwaded 'tis only to be found in the Union of Two Perſons who freely love, whom a Secret Inclination hath joyn'd, and a reciprocal Merit ſatisfy'd.

Amy. What think you, *Lucy*, Had not this Lady a true Taſte of the Buſineſs of Life? How many of our Acquaintance has ſhe Arraign'd at once.

Lucy. Perhaps all the Marry'd Worlds at leaſt ſome time or other. But the next——

If I cou'd believe you were as much perſwaded of my Merit as I of yours, I wou'd tell you there was a time when we might have reckon'd our ſelves in the Number of the Happy.

Alas!

Alas! how shou'd I not be perswaded of your Merit? If I shou'd doubt of it, an universal Esteem would determine in your Favour. Is there any Country, Province, or Town, which has not desir'd you? Where can you retire your self where you will not be follow'd with Hearts and Eyes? All the World take Pleasure in saying they have seen Abelard. *Wives, in 'spight of those Laws of* Decorum *which the World has put upon 'em, sufficiently testifie that they feel something more than a simple Esteem for you: I have known 'em Praise their Husbands, when at the same time they were Jealous of my Joys, and plainly signify'd that nothing wou'd be impossible to you, in respect of them: So that who cou'd Resist you? Your Reputation, which flatter'd the Vanity of our Sex; your Air, your Manners, your lively Eyes, in which your Soul was so admirably painted, your Discourses, and in a word, every thing that belongs to you spoke in your Favour. There's nothing, even to the least Songs or Copy of Verses which you have made for me, which has not a Thousand Beauties; I will make 'em endure so long as there are Persons that shall love; they shall sing to others that which you thought only to make for me; and those Words, so natural and tender which were the Testimony of your Love in light Verse, and little Songs, shall serve for others to express their*

their Thoughts much better than they could do themſelves. But have not theſe ſort of Gallantries made me many Rivals? How many Women have been willing to appropriate the Subject to themſelves, and wou'd have it a Homage which Love pay'd to their Beauty? Others through deſpair have Reproach'd me, by ſaying, that I had no other Beauty beſides that which your Verſes gave me, nor any Advantages above them, but in being belov'd by you; and in 'ſpight of that Self-Love, which is ſo diſcernable in all Women, I eſteem'd my ſelf happy in having a Lover, to whom I was indebted for all my Accompliſhments; and I took a ſecret Pleaſure in the Service of a Man, who, when he pleas'd, cou'd make a Goddeſs of his Miſtreſs. Proud of your Glory, I read with Pleaſure all the Praiſes you gave me, and often, without conſulting my ſelf, I was willing to be ſuch as you deſcrib'd me, that I might more certainly pleaſe you.

But, alas! where is the Time that I ſpeak of? I now bewail my Lover; and of all my Joys there remains only an unhappy Remembrance of 'em, which overwhelms me. You that were jealous of my Happineſs learn, that he, for whom you envy'd me, is no more either yours or mine. I lov'd him; my Love was both his Crime and Puniſhment; my weak Allurements charm'd him, and content

with each other we liv'd happily, and calmly pass'd on some blissful Minutes; and if it was a Crime to live thus, this Crime wou'd please me again. But my Misfortune is to have had unjust Relations, whose Hatred and Rage troubled the Calm of our Bliss. If these Barbarians had made use of their Reason, I shou'd now have enjoy'd my Abelard in Peace. How Cruel were they, when their blind Passion engag'd an Assassine to surprize you in your Sleep! If we had been together, I wou'd have defended you at the Expence of my own Life; my Crys only wou'd have stay'd his Arm. But in this Place Love is scandaliz'd, and my Modesty joyn'd to my Despair makes me silent. I am not permitted to say all that I think upon this Subject; and altho' I were permitted, yet I cou'd not do it: Great is the Eloquence of Silence, where the greatest of Evils can't be express'd. Tell me only, for 'tis very afflicting to me, whence came it that you began to neglect me after my Profession of a Monastick Life. Let me hear the Reason of your Coldness, or rather permit me to discover my Thoughts to you. Is it possible, that only the Prospect of Pleasure should draw you to me, and that my Tenderness, which cou'd deny you nothing that you cou'd wish, shou'd diminish your Flames. A sad Experience has taught me, that Men fly those to whom they have the greatest Obliga-

tion;

tion; and that a Grant of many Favours to 'em, is rather an Occaſion of Indifferency then Gratitude. Thus this weak Heart was too ill defended to be dear to you long: You eaſily took it, and now give it me back again. No, ingrateful Man! I will never conſent to receive it; and tho' I ought in this Place not to have my own Will, I have nevertheleſs ſecretly preſerv'd a Deſire of being Lov'd by you. At that very time I made my ſad Vows, I had about me the laſt Letter you ſent me, in which you proteſted you wou'd be always mine, and that you wou'd only live to love me: So that 'tis to you that I am ſacrific'd; you have my Heart, I had yours. Ask me nothing back again; and ſuffer my Paſſion, as ſomething which is ſo much yours, that you can't deprive your ſelf of it.

Alas! What is my Weakneſs to talk at this rate? Cruel Man! you forc'd me hither by your Conduct. Infidel! Muſt you all at once love me no more? Why did not you deceive me for ſome time, and not abandon at once? If you had at leaſt given me ſome feeble Marks of a dying Friendſhip, I ſhou'd have aſſiſted you to have deceiv'd my ſelf, and wou'd have made all poſſible Efforts to have believ'd you capable of ſome Conſtancy; But in the way you now treat me, what Opinion can I have of you? What can I think

of such a Forgetful One as you are? Why do you take away all Means of Writing to you? I have passionately wish'd to see you; but if it is forbidden me to hope for it, I wou'd now be contented with some Lines from your Hand. Is it then so great a Trouble to write to them you love, if it be yet true that you love me? I ask not such Letters as you fill with Learning, and with which you raise your Reputation; all that I beg for, is a few Letters which your Heart will dictate to you, as fast as you can write, without any study or application. How was I deciev'd, when I thought you was all mine, and took this Veil, *engaging my self to live for ever under your Laws; for in making* Profession, *I pretended not any thing else than to be* Yours; *and I voluntarily took it upon me, thro' the Desire you had of seeing me Encloister'd, and now nothing but Death can free me from this Place where you have put me: Yea, my Ashes shall remain here to wait for yours, or at least to be a Mark of my Obedience to you.*

What signifies it, to conceal the Secret of my Vocation? You know it. 'Twas neither Zeal nor Devotion that transported me into this Cloister. I am here, I remain and abide here, because an Unhappy Love, and Cruel Relations have condemn'd me hither; and if I have no Continuation of your Care, if I lose your

your Friendſhip, what will be the Fruit of my Priſon? What Reward is there for me to expect? I, who am at the Head of a Religious Community, am the feeble Captive of unhappy Love, and devoted only to Abelard. *I repeat continually in my Memory paſt Misfortunes, not being able to think upon any thing elſe.*

Am. Do you ſee, *Lucy*, what other Arguments ſhe here uſes: Her Obedience, (a harſh Word you think,) and the injurious Effects of her Paſſion for him; and, conſidering that his Afflictions may have wrought much upon him, in order to a pious Life, ſhe (as you'll ſee preſently) omits not this Topick neither; framing her ſelf to every thing ſhe believes may pleaſe him, in order to prevail upon him.

Lucy. I ſay, all this wou'd have been well, if it had not been ſpent upon one that had been capable of making any benevolent Returns.

Am. Will you never leave this way of talking?——— But to proceed.

"What an Account, what a Relation is this! I reproach my own Faults, and accuſe you of yours; And why all this? See into what a Diſorder

Diſorder you have thrown me! How hard is it to ſtrive always in Duty againſt Inclination? I know what I owe to this Veil which covers me; but I feel much more than what a Habitude of Loving can influence upon a ſenſible Soul. I am conquer'd, I am overcome by my own Inclination. My Love raiſes a Tempeſt in my Soul, and will. In one Moment I hearken to the Sentiments of Piety which are rais'd in my Soul, and in another, I ſuffer every thing that is tender and ſoft to reign in my Imagination. I tell you to Day what I would not have told you Yeſterday, I wou'd not love you. I dream'd, that I had made Vows, that I was Veil'd, Bury'd, and as it were Dead; but by degrees there aroſe from the bottom of my Heart a Trouble which overcame all theſe Sentiments, which darken'd my Reaſon and Piety. You reign in the ſecret and imperceptible Places of my Heart, ſo that I can't attack you; and when I dream of Breaking the Chain that tyes me to you, I flatter my ſelf, and all the Efforts I can make, ſerve only to bind me the faſter. For Pity's ſake aſſiſt a miſerable One, to renounce her Deſires to her ſelf, and to you, if it be poſſible. If you are a Lover, if you are a Father, Succour a Miſtreſs, Comfort a Daughter: Can't theſe Names, theſe tender Names, ſoften you? Come back, either out of Pity or Love. If you do, I ſhall

begin

begin to be Religious without profaning my Vocation any longer.

I had thought to have ended here; but whilſt I am complaining of you, I muſt diſcharge my Heart, and eaſe it of all its Suſpicions and Reproaches. 'Twas, I confeſs to you, a very hard thing to me, to ſee you in the Deſign you had of engaging me in this Profeſſion *before you had undertaken it your ſelf. How! thought I, does he think to find in me a new Example of* Lot's *Wife, who look'd behind her as ſhe left* Sodom? *If my Youth and Sex made you believe that I might return to other Lovers,* Paris *being not yet in Flames nor Aſhes, my Manners, my Fidelity, and that Heart which you ought to know, ought to cure you of theſe ſorts of Suſpicions. How! thought I, Time was, he wou'd have been aſſur'd upon my bare Word, And muſt there now be Vows to anſwer for me? What Reaſon have I given him, in all the courſe of my Life, which cou'd make him ſuſpect me of the leaſt* Lightneſs? *Cou'd I be able to find him at all his Rendez-vous, And ſhall I ſtick to follow him into the Houſe of Holineſs? How! I that am made a Victim of Pleaſure to ſatisfie him, Shall I refuſe to be a Sacrifice of Honour to obey him? Has Vice then greater Charms for well-educated Souls? Or, having once drank of the Cup of Sinners, ſhall I never take, but with*

with Regret, the Chalice of Holineſs? Or rather, have you believ'd your ſelf a better Maſter in Vice than Vertue, do you think you can't as eaſily perſwade to one as the other? No, this wou'd be, without doubt, too injurious to us both. Vertue is too fine, not to be embrac'd when diſcover'd; and Vice is too much deform'd, not to be avoided when known. Every thing has Charms for me when you will it. Nothing is Frightful, nothing Difficult, when you are by. I am not weak, but when you don't enlighten me; ſo that it will be your Fault, if I am not what you cou'd wiſh me to be. I have done too much, and I muſt at this Day triumph over your Ingratitude. When we liv'd happily, you might have doubted whether 'twas Pleaſure, or Friendſhip, which ty'd me to you; but now the Place, wherein I am and write, decides the Matter. I love you here at leaſt as much as ever I did. If I had lov'd Pleaſure, when that baſe Attempt was made upon you, Cou'd not I have found how to have pleas'd my ſelf? I was not Eighteen Years old at that time; and there were other Men, whom I might have hop'd to pleaſe; but Abelard was no more of that number, and yet I wou'd have none but him. 'Twas then for Love of you, that in an Age ſo proper for Love, and its Triumphs, that I threw my ſelf alive into a Monaſtery. 'Tis

for

for your ſake that I have given the Remainders of my Beauty to the Days and Nights which I paſs alone, which are now haſting to wither up; and becauſe you cou'd not enjoy 'em, I offer'd 'em to God only, and made him a ſecond Preſent of my Heart, my Days, and my Life.

Amy. This Paragraph is one of the chiefeſt Motives I had to read this Letter to you; *Eloiſa*'s Caſe here and yours, being the very ſame. If your Husband is, or ſhou'd be, Jealous of you, you have here, perhaps, the beſt Arguments in the World to cure him of it. Beſides, my Friend *Lucy*, I thought it wou'd be more effacious and taking, to find ſuch Arguments diſpers'd up and down in an Hiſtorical Account that wants not the greateſt Ornament of Pleaſing, I mean Truth, than to have collected 'em for your uſe, and put 'em under their proper Heads, diveſting 'em of this Advantage, of being as it were acted over, and repreſented to you by a Third Perſon. I confeſs, 'tis a Method wou'd take much better with me than a dry Moral, which has not the inviting as well as the profitable part.

Lucy. 'Tis extream well done, and your Deſign I highly approve, and think my ſelf Happy, that I have ſo great an Intereſt in your particular Care. Pray let's have the reſt.

I enlarge a little too much in this place, and I ought to ſpeak leſs of your Misfortune, and of that which I ſuffer for the Love of you. We tarniſh the Glory of fine Actions, when we make a Panegyrick of our ſelves. 'Tis true, but when we have to do with Men ſtupify'd with baſe Ingratitude, we can't ſpeak too much of the Concern we have with them. If you were of that Number, this Reproach would teach you many things: I will not make you one of them, leaſt I ſhould wrong you. Irreſolute that I am, I perceive I love you ſtill. Nevertheleſs, I hope for nothing; I have renounc'd Life, deſpoil'd my ſelf of every thing; for I find I have loſt Abelard *in loſing my Lover. I preſerve my Love in a Monaſtery where I keep my Vows. Our unpitying Laws have not made me loſe Humanity. You have not made me Marble, by changing my Habit; my Heart is not hardened, by being ſeparated from you. I am ſenſible of every thing I have been, and yet I muſt be ſo no longer. Suffer, without hurting* your *Empire, that my* Lover *may exhort me to live under your Laws:*

Your

Your *Yoke will be very light, if* his *Hand ſupports it*: Our *Exerciſes will become lovely, when* he *ſhews their Profit. Retreat! Solitude won't affright me, if I cou'd learn that I had ſome part in* his *Remembrance. A Heart ſo deeply touch'd as mine, is not ſo eaſily determin'd to Indifference. Yes,* Abelard, *I conjure you, by the Chains which I drag here, to eaſe the Weight, and make 'em as agreeable as I cou'd wiſh 'em. Give me the Maxims of a Holy Love, that, after having quitted you, I may glory in being the Spouſe of God. My Heart adores this Title, and diſdains all others. Make me know how this Divine Love is nouriſh'd, entertain'd, and purify'd more and more. Before we were retir'd from the World, we buſy'd our ſelf much in your Compoſures, which told the Age of our Joys and Pleaſures: Now we are in the Haven of Grace, is it improper to ſpeak with me of my Happineſs, and ſhew me how to encreaſe it? Have but the ſame Complaiſance for me in the State wherein I now am, as you had for me before our Retirement. Without changing the Heart, let us change the Object; and, leaving our profane Songs, let us ſing Divine Hymns. Let us elevate our Hearts to God, and have no other Tranſports but for his Glory.*

I expect all this from you, as a Charge whereof you can't extricate your ſelf. God

has a particular Right over the Hearts of Great Men which he hath form'd: When he touches 'em, he raviſhes 'em, and makes 'em that they neither ſpeak nor breathe, but for him. Even till this Moment of Grace happens, think upon me, forget me not: Remember my Tenderneſs, my Fidelity, my Conſtancy. Love a Miſtreſs, cheriſh a Daughter, a Siſter, a Spouſe. Dream, that I love you ſtill, and that I endeavour not to love you any more. What ſaid I? I tremble, and my Heart contradicts that Word. Help me to blot it out again. I finiſh this long Letter, by ſaying, if you will *have it ſo, (wou'd to God I cou'd ſubſcribe to it,) For Ever Farewel.*

Lucy. Dear *Amy*, oblige me with a Copy of this Letter.

Amy. With all my Heart.

Lucy. Oh! there is my *Will.* a coming.

Am. What do you mean, *Lucy*: Who is that?

Luc. My Husband: I'll retire, and leave him to your Management.

William. Madam, Your moſt humble Servant; I know not whether my Surprize, or Joy, to ſee you here, is greateſt.

Am. Your Servant, Sir; I came to pay a Viſit to your Lady: She is gone up Stairs, and will be here preſently.

Will.

Will. Ay, when ſhe pleaſes.

Am. I have had ſome Acquaintance with her before ſhe was Married; I hope you are very Happy in your Choice.

Will. Indeed, Madam, to be free, I am not over Happy in it.

Am. Why, Sir, your Wife is extream pretty; and, ſo far as I can gueſs, wou'd make any Man happy.

Will. You're much in the right on't; I believe ſhe wou'd: She is pretty free of her Favours.

Am. I meant only ſo far as a good Wife cou'd do it. Pray excuſe my Freedom. The little Acquaintance I have had with her, I hope, will not be unuſeful to either of you.

Will. Indeed, Madam, you are the only Perſon among all my Wife's Acquaintance, (and that perhaps is not a few,) whoſe Reputation, I think, is clear and unſpotted: I beſeech you to continue your Correſpondence, and, if poſſible, make her a Proſelyte to your Vertues.

Am. Pray be a little more particular.

Will. No, Madam, I muſt not; for I ſhould rail, and make you uneaſie.

Am. Sir, It's the Office of one Friend to take a part in the Happineſs or Miſery of another: I ſee ſuch Characters of Uneaſineſs

easiness in your Face, that I am concern'd to know the Cause of it.

Will. In short, Madam, think the worst of a Woman you can, and you'll make a faint Essay towards the Character of my Wife.

Am. Why do you talk at this rate, Sir? Does she abuse your Bed?

Will. I am not very sure, Madam; but I am a little jealous of it.

Am. What, Sir, perhaps you have no other Reason, but that you were over-hasty your self, and would not stay till the Parson said *Amen.*

Will. And if I did so before, Is there not as great a Probability, nay a much greater, that others have done the like afterwards, when there is not half the Fears and Inconveniences to oppose the Temptation.

Am. You say, you only suspect it: Unless you were sure, Why should you make your self uneasie, by Anticipation? Can't you forgive your Wife an imaginary Crime, which only Excess of Affection to you, caused her to commit?

Will. No. Why should I forgive her?

Am. And can you forgive your self?

Will. Why not? Would not any Man have done as much?

Am.

Am. I confeſs, moſt Gentlemen, now-a-days, think it no Sin, or Fault, to do ſo: But pray, How could that be a Fault in her, which was not one in you? Have not all the ſame Paſſions? Had ſhe reſiſted you, you had been criminal alone, and ſhe vertuous; and at the worſt, when ſhe complyed, ſhe was guilty but of half the Crime; and 'Partnerſhip ſhould rather be an Argument of Endearment than Averſion: 'Tis ſo in every thing elſe. I ſpeak not this, to extenuate what I cou'd wiſh had not been; but to convince you of your Injuſtice, in endeavouring to ſhift off and evade your own Guilt, by laying it upon another, who had been more Innocent and Vertuous than your ſelf, had it not been for you.

Will. I confeſs, my Prejudices may be as unjuſt as you have repreſented 'em: I wiſh I could not think ſo unhandſomely for the future.

Am. I'll make no Excuſes for my Freedom with you; but if there be no other Obſtructions that lie in the way of your Happineſs, I ſee no Reaſon why the Eſtate of Marriage ſhould not be the moſt happy Eſtate in the World: The Ordinance is Divine; 'tis Natural; it has the Advantage of Advice, Tenderneſs, Intereſt,

reſt, and what not. All conſpire together to make you Happy, if it be not your own Faults.

Will. Your Husband muſt needs be Happy, in having ſo good a Wife.

Am. A good Husband makes a good Wife. No Woman that has common Senſe, and Gratitude, but may be made a very good Wife.

Will. Then, I think, my Wife has neither Senſe, nor Gratitude; for ſhe is continually upon unaccountable Viſits, ſeldom or never pleaſed, when at home; always railing, and calling provoking Names; nay, this before Servants, Strangers, *&c.*

Am. Are you without Fault? Do you never give any juſt Occaſion for her doing ſo? Are you always Tender, Affable, and Agreeable? You ought to comply, tho' againſt your Inclinations, till by degrees, and proper Opportunities of ſpeaking, you make her and your ſelf eaſie.

Will. How! Comply againſt my Inclinations!

Am. Ay, that's the great Secret of conjugal Happineſs. Does the Word Compliance or Self-Denial, ſeem ſo ſtrange to you? For my part, I think there is a great deal of Prudence and Reaſon in it. He that conquers himſelf, does more than

than he that takes a City. Conquest ſuppoſes Oppoſition. Do you think the Word Patience, and Self-denial, &c. are empty ſounds? No, my Friend, I know you do not. Can we then reap the Rewards and Fruits of theſe without exerciſing 'em?

Will. Ah, Madam, how much eaſier is the Theory, than the Practice of Things?

Amy. True; but the Difficulty, by degrees, vaniſhes, as you exerciſe your ſelf in the contrary Vertue. Do but conſider the many mechanick Trades in the Nation, ſome of which would give you much difficulty and trouble to attain to; but yet you ſee it continually conquered, only for the ſake of *Living*. Now what then is Living, or the *Happineſs of Life*, a greater Bleſſing? Certainly the latter. Why then ſhould you not think a little Pains, and Induſtry, a little Application of Mind, (doubtleſs much leſs than is commonly us'd in the Affairs of getting the Neceſſaries of Life,) worth the Recompence of living *Happily*. In fine, my Friend, let me perſwade you to take heed, that no irregular Action of yours be a Temptation to your Wife. Examine your own Conduct towards her; and, if you have Conveniency, take her into the Country with you, and live retired for

some time: Be as kind to her in every thing as possible; and, when absent, recommend good practical Treatises of Religion: Take proper Opportunities of speaking to her; discover a greater Concern for her Reputation, than your own.

Will. I dare say, all that would not do.

Am. 'Tis hard to think so; but do what's in your Power. If, when you have done your part, you cannot Reclaim her, you have nothing to answer for. But I am morally certain, that those irregularities you impute to your Wife, are, in a great measure, owing to your self. If you would reclaim her, reform your self; and I question not, but you will find a great Alteration of Affairs in a little time.

Will. Indeed I can't justifie my self in all my Actions towards my Wife; I believe I may contribute towards her Miscarriages: But (for the future, according to your Advice) I'll endeavour to give her a good Example.

Amy. I wish you would: I shall reckon my self very Happy, if I may any ways be necessary to serve you, and my Friend *Lucy*, in a Business of such Importance.

Will.

Will. Dear Madam, I thank you; and to let you see how much I value your good Advice, I'll begin to put it into practice presently. Oh there's my *Lucy* a coming: I vow, I imagine I'm going a Courting again ——— Methinks, my dear *Lucy*, this looks like our Marriage-Day. We have here our best Friend to be witness of our Passions; What say you, Shall we be married again?

Luc. You mean unmarried, my Dear.

Will. No, I protest.

Lucy. Well then, if it be so, you must court me again; and if we marry a second time, we must both alter our Humours; otherwise we shall never be Happy.

Will. How long must the Courtship last?

Luc. All my Life: But, dear *Amy*, am not I oblig'd to you for my Husband's pleasant Humour? I wish he be not in jest.

Will. Ha, Madam, she prevents me—— Am not I in a Dream?

Am. Come, my Friends, you are or may be as Happy as you please: I cannot set my Husband and my self as your Patterns; for I hope you'll make greater Examples: But, I think, neither of us Envy the Conditionof any Person alive.

Lucy.

Luc. I cou'd say so too, wou'd my dear *Will.* be kind and constant.

Will. Indeed, *Lucy* — Then I'll hinder your Happiness no longer. Be Happy, and I cannot be otherwise.

Am. May both your Resolutions last — You must both bear and forbear, look upon each others Failings as your own, prefer each others Inclinations before your own, and then I'll secure your mutual Peace and Happiness.

FINIS.